

## BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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THURSDAY, AUG. 22.

### THE RIGHT WAY TO TELEPHONE.

**It Pays to do It Properly and  
It Also Makes Life Pleasant  
for Everybody.**

One of the assets of the man who does business today is his telephone voice, provided he knows how to make a good impression when he talks over the wire. All sorts of affairs are now conducted by telephone but the importance of telephoning in the proper way is often overlooked by business men who would on no consideration permit a poorly typewritten letter to leave their office. Take the trouble to fix firmly in your mind a few simple rules, put them in practice and see if your telephone conversations are not made of increased value in your business. Here are the rules:

1. When you are talking by telephone in your own town speak in an ordinary tone of voice.
2. When you are using a long distance line elevate your voice and speak a little louder than you would speak to a man sitting in the room with you.
3. Besides speaking distinctly, avoid talking too fast.
4. When you telephone devote yourself to telephoning.

Parties wanting a lot of kindling wood for winter can get all they want by applying to James Smith, care of this office.

Joplin, Mo., Aug. 14.—Ten thousand dollars has been raised by the citizens of the Missouri-Kansas lead and zinc district to be expended in entertaining the delegates to the next meeting of the American Mining Congress, which will be held in this city. The governor of each state in the Union is authorized to name delegates to the congress, and the commercial club of each city is entitled to representation on the floor of the congress.

The production of lead and zinc in this district this year will be greater than ever before. Thirty new concentrating plants have been erected in the district this summer, and new strikes are being reported daily. There are thousands of acres of undeveloped land within the borders of the recognized mining field that have never been touched by drill, pick or shovel. The land awaits capital and muscle to develop it.

Joplin, Mo., Aug. 21.—The production of lead and zinc in the Missouri-Kansas district this year will be larger than ever before. Last year the production amounted to more than \$15,000,000. During the thirty-two weeks of this year the district has produced and sold almost \$12,000,000 of the two ores. While the operators are exerting every effort to get as much ore as possible, great care is taken to get fine ore specimens for the exhibit to be made at the American Mining Congress, which convenes here in November. Recently a piece of lead ore weighing 1,500 pounds was hoisted from a mine at Granby, Mo., and will be shipped here for the exhibit.

William Lochrie, living ten miles north of Joplin, where the next meeting of the American Mining Congress will be held, finds himself elevated from a modest farmer to a man of wealth almost in a single night. Loch-

rie owns an eighty-acre farm which last summer he offered to sell for \$4,000. Since then a rich body of lead and zinc ore has been found on the farm, and H. L. Kramer, famed as a patent medicine manufacturer, has offered Mr. Lochrie \$40,000 for 40 acres of the farm on which the ore was found. The offer was declined.

### FIVE MILE.

Weather warm, and all wishing for rain.

Man Murry has a very sick boy and a little girl, Eliza, who is also very sick.

Mrs. Tindall was helping to care for her sick grandchildren at Man Murry's Sunday.

Mrs. Weakley, of Tennessee Prairie, visited her brother on Five Mile Thursday.

Friday night there was a grand gathering of the A. H. T. A. at the Todds' on the prairie. Ice cream, cake and cold drinks were served. All had a nice time.

Bert Estabrook visited his sister in Joplin Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Fay Degraffireed, of Tennessee Prairie, is visiting her aunt on Five Mile.

Miss Laura May Wright, who is employed at the Topeka Hospital, visited her mother last week.

Miss Florence Wade has sold her fat cattle to a five mile farmer.

George Peake's leg is giving him some trouble. He says he hopes he can have a fine time at the reunion, even if he is a cripple.

Lincoln Reed, from Spring River, visited his friend Arlie Turner Sunday.

Walter Murry is working in the hay fields of Missouri.

G. Ewers visited C. H. Wright of Kansas City last Sunday. He says Charley expects to attend reunion at Baxter this year, for the first time in four years.

Miss Maud Burrows was visiting the sick Thursday.

Frank Goforth has bought a \$50 Jersey cow. She is a beauty.

Very sad about Mr. J. K. Reed of Tennessee Prairie being killed by being kicked by a two-year-old colt.

Mrs. Deg Ewers has a badly sprained foot.

Mr. Carver's family visited their brother-in-laws on Five Mile Sunday.

Shurd Tindall called on his sick cousin Sunday.

Greg Ewers hauled a wagon load of green corn and tomatoes to Joplin Monday.

Mc People's folks have all returned from that land of plenty, as they said before they left good old Kansas.

The fewer enemies we have the less talked about.

If those people who have so much time to find fault with their neighbors would clean up their own dirty door yards they would find a plenty to do.

Don't judge others by your own wrong actions, if you please.

John Geba, of Peoria, was on Five Mile Thursday taking census.

Julia Shapp and daughter Mary went to Galena Saturday on business.

The old swimming hole at the mouth of Spring branch is now the popular bathing place. The dam was built 22 years ago this fall, and it knocked out the swimming hole where we, with other kids in those days, used to disport and have a great time. The destruction of the dam has restored the place where the boys used to have a good time and it makes us feel young again.

The reunion grounds present a beautiful appearance now. They have been cleaned up and raked, old stumps have been grubbed out, and in fact, everything is first-class shape.

## When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over fifty years."

Made up J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
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SARGENT & WELLS,  
CHERRY STREET, BOSTON.

## DeMoss & Chubb

PAY THE  
Best Prices

at all times for the following:  
Hens, per pound.....07 c  
Spring chicken, 2 lbs and over.....19 c  
Broilers, 1 1/2 to 2 lbs., per lb.....09 c  
Roosters, old, each.....15 c  
Roosters, young, each.....15 c  
Ten Turkeys, per lb.....07 c  
Young gobblers, per lb.....07 c  
Old gobblers, per lb.....07 c  
Hens, per lb.....04 c  
Ducks, per lb.....05 c  
Young ducks, per lb.....05 c  
Eggs, per dozen.....15 c  
Butter per lb.....14 c  
Green hides, per lb.....16 c

Prices subject to market change

ALSO BUYS HIDES AND FURS.

West of Cooper's, Baxter Springs

### The City Council.

Council met in adjourned session Tuesday evening, Aug. 20, 1907. Mayor Jones, presiding, and Councilmen Harvey, Ditty, Youse, Runnel and Smith present.

Ways and means committee, in regard to interest on public moneys was given further time.

Special bill of Connor was reported by claims and accounts committee.

Report of city marshal for month ending Aug. 19th was read and filed.

Resignation of W. A. Doty, as city marshal, accepted.

Claims as follows were allowed:

Water Co., water, \$15.00.  
O. H. Frazee, meals, \$2.05.  
W. A. Doty, salary, \$39.00.  
S. H. Ditty, \$23.65.  
Abe Boyd, \$6.75.  
D. Warford, \$9.90.  
A. Lawson, \$16.20.  
W. R. Street, \$7.20.  
Bob Calvert, \$2.70.

Bill of M. A. Patton reported to claims and accounts committee.

Henry R. Horton was appointed and confirmed as city marshal.

Locations for tents during the reunion are going very fast. If you calculate to camp you should secure your tent and location very soon.

Haskett's Reduction Sale of Clothing is a grand success. Go see his line.

The News printery has the biggest and best assorted stock of printers' stationery in the Southwest. You can get any kind of printing you want here.

Ladies' Belts, Shirt Waists, Muslin Underwear, &c., cheap at Haskett's.

The girls of "The Baxter Tennis Club," including a few invited friends, made a merry rally party to Galena last Friday evening. They met with a warm reception from the young folks of Galena, and were so well pleased with the royal entertainment provided them that we are afraid our young ladies will be enticed to visit Galena often.

Boys get busy!

20 per cent. reduction on all low-cut shoes.

\$1.50 Oxfords, . . . \$1.20  
2.00 Oxfords, . . . 1.60

at Haskett's.

REGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER  
CURES scurf of the stomach.

## ALMOST A COWARD

by Minnie Long

The man I wed must be a brave man. I would not marry a coward. I want a man who would go through fire and water for my sake.

The big white steamer was forcing its way swiftly through the waters of the lake on its way to South Haven. A gay throng of excursionists was on board. Young men and maidens were laughing and singing, children were playing, and a band of music was doing its best to make itself heard above the din of the merrymaking.

Mildred and her two admirers were seated in a sheltered nook on the upper deck when she made the remark that she would marry none but a hero. Both men loved her—or at least one had told her so, and she could read the other man's secret in his eyes. But she could not decide between them. Harold Boleau was handsome, a graceful talker, a good dresser, a man of the world. He was the one who had told her he loved her. On the other hand, John Walters was silent, rugged and sometimes awkward in speech and manner. Yet he was so sincere, so earnest, so manly, that Mildred almost imagined that it was he she loved best.

The steamer neared the mouth of the harbor, and the three stood at the rail, watching a fisherman in his boat almost in the direct line of the big ship's course. As the steamer neared the boat a daring thought flashed through Mildred's mind. What if she were to fall overboard? Who would be the first to spring to her rescue? Harold Boleau or John Walters? Suppose she put them to the test. Even if both failed there was the fisherman in his boat, and so there could be no danger. And, Mildred reasoned, a wetting would be a small price to pay for a test upon which all her future happiness depended. She resolved to make the test.

Slightly she loosened the long pins which fastened her hat to her shining brown hair. Then, with a little exclamation she gave her head a toss which sent the hat flying from her. She made a quick grasp to reach it, and then with a wild shriek fell overboard. Hardly had she struck the water than the form of Harold Boleau shot like an arrow from the rail and plunged in beside her. Mildred could swim, but her skirts sustained her, and she knew she was in no danger of sinking. And it was with a sense of inward satisfaction that she realized that at least one of her lovers had not hesitated to risk his life for her. Harold and sprang to her rescue, while John had remained safely on deck.

Three hours later on the return trip Mildred unexpectedly found herself alone with John Walters, and her face flushed under the stern gaze of his steel gray eyes.

Doubtless you are ready to set me down as a coward because I did not spring to your rescue," he said, sternly. "Do you think it was a fair test?"

"I might have been drowned," Mildred said, coldly. "There was no chance of my drowning. I know you can swim. Then, besides, there was a fisherman in his boat, not three feet from where you fell. Besides, your 'accident' was too apparent. It was easy to see that you fell overboard deliberately and intentionally."

"And you were afraid to jump in after me," Mildred said, as she walked haughtily away. "You were a coward. Yes, I did fall in intentionally. I'm glad I did, for it enabled me to find a brave man."

The sun went down, and in the twilight the little groups of excursionists became quieter. Suddenly there was a cry. A little crippled girl had fallen overboard. Mildred and Harold, standing near the rail, saw the helpless form of the child whirl over and over in its flight toward the black waters of the lake, and saw the curly head sink from sight. Unconsciously Mildred turned to the man at her side with a questioning look in her eyes. But he remained leaning against the rail, gazing almost unconcernedly at the water. With a queer feeling about her heart Mildred turned away. At the same instant there was a cheer. Some one else had leaped headlong into the water and had reached the drowning child. The steamer quickly passed from sight, but the engines were reversed, and slowly the big boat came round to the spot where the child and rescuer had disappeared. Nothing was to be seen but the restless black waters of the lake. Then a shout rang out and the ship's searchlight soon located the forms in the water. Five minutes later the sailors helped John Walters and his burden to the deck.

It was not until one evening a week later, in her own home, that Mildred, with her head on John Walters' shoulder and his arm about her waist, sobbed out a plea for forgiveness for doubting his courage.

"I was foolish, John," she cried, "but now I'm glad, for I did find out which one of you was the real hero."

John kissed away her tears. He was so big and strong that Mildred nestled in his arms in happy content. "And, after all, John," she said, looking up at him with the light of love shining in her tear moist eyes, "I'm going to marry a brave man—one that would go through fire and water for my sake, for if you hadn't saved that little girl I would have loved you a coward all the days of my life."



## More Low Rates

California

EVERY DAY  
Until September 15.  
Write for copy "Summer Outings in California."

Colorado

EVERY DAY  
Until September 30.  
Write for copy "A Colorado Summer."

The East

EVERY DAY  
to some points. Special rates for whom.  
Send for "The Lakes and East."

First-class Appointments.  
Pullmans, Harvey Meals, Block Signals, etc.,  
on Santa Fe.

L. B. Smith, Passenger Agent,  
Kansas City, Mo.



### HAIL, VETERANS!

I.  
Hail, old comrades, one and all!  
We meet again, to "chew the rag"  
And tell how oft we've bled and died  
To save our country's flag.

II.  
Forty-odd years ago—it seems but  
yesterday—  
(Goodness! How time has sped!)  
We answered our country's reveille,  
And fought where the war god  
led.

III.  
But let us be game to the last, boys,  
And go down with colors flying,  
For, after all, the dread of Death  
Is worse than actually dying.

IV.  
We marched in solid phalanx, boys,  
And the thunder of our tread  
Sent hope and joy through all the land,  
And Freedom raised her head.  
V.  
Heigh-ho, comrades! We're grow-  
ing old!  
That dizziness in my head!  
Doesn't herald the sounding of 'taps'  
And a bivouac with the dead?

[Written in Baxter Springs by a  
brother of an old soldier—J. C. L.]

### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The following war song was written by Julia Ward-Howe while on a visit to the soldiers' camps near Washington, D. C., in 1861. To the tune of "John Brown's Body," it quickly gained popularity, and became the Marching Song of the Civil War. We publish it by request.—Eds. News-Republican.

#### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred arched  
camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and  
damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished steel,  
"As ye deal with my contemners, with you my grace  
shall deal;"  
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his  
heel,  
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment  
seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my  
feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free,  
While God is marching on.

## Colorado California

Observe how low the roundtrip rate is from Kansas City

Corresponding reductions from elsewhere  
First-class Service, Pullmans and Harvey  
Meals. Nothing better.

Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo,	\$17.00
Trinidad,	24.00
Las Vegas and Santa Fe, N. M.,	30.75
Albuquerque, Bernal, El Paso,	37.25
Glenwood Springs, Leadville,	39.00
Salt Lake City,	40.00
Tickets on sale daily to September 15, inclusive. Return valid October 15, 1907.	
Los Angeles, San Francisco,	48.00

Write for "A Colorado Summer" and "Summer Outings in California." Free.

L. B. SMITH, City Passenger Agent,  
Kansas City, Mo.